

lows merit. It is a simple narrative, almost wholly in the language of the original annals, of the actions of John Smith, a man comparatively unlettered, yet of prophetic sagacity and penetration, worthy to be held in remembrance, as one of the few master spirits, who are able to anticipate the decisions of time and experience. In circumstances of extreme poverty and difficulty, he displayed talents for command, and a fertility of resources, which, had they been exercised on a wider theatre, would have attracted, as they have deserved, the admiration of mankind.

A Napoleon in the desert, self-supported and alone, is to me more interesting than Nap at St. Cloud, lacquered by kings.

The year 1607 is remarkable for the arrival of the first permanent colony on the Virginian coast. On the reception of the patent from King James, several persons of consequence in the English nation undertook the arduous task of planting the southern colony. Having chosen a treasurer, and appointed other officers, they provided a fleet of three ships, to transport the emigrants, one hundred in number, to Virginia.—The charge of this embarkation was committed to Christopher Newport, already famous for his skill and industry, in the western navigation, who sailed from the Thames on the 12th day of December the preceding year, carrying with him the royal instructions, and the names of the intended colonial council, carefully concealed in a box.

To this singular policy may be attributed the dissensions which soon commenced among the leaders, and which continued to distract them during a voyage long and disastrous.

Being driven by a storm, to the northward of Roanoke, the commander steered directly into the spacious bay of Chesapeake, which seemed to invite his entrance. Thirty men, going ashore for recreation, were suddenly attacked by five Indians, who wounded two of them very se-

verely. At night the box was opened, and the orders were read, in which Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall, were named to be of the council, and to chuse from their number a president. The adventurers were employed in seeking a place for settlement until the 13th of May, when they took possession of a peninsula on the north side of the river Powhatan, called by the English James River. To make room for their projected town, they here began to cut down trees of the forest, which had for centuries afforded shelter, and food to the natives. The code of laws, hitherto cautiously concealed, was at length promulgated. The council was sworn: Wingfield was chosen president; and now commenced the rule of the most ancient administration of Virginia, consisting of seven persons, and forming a pure aristocracy.

The members of the council on the most frivolous pretences, excluded from a seat among them, Smith, famous in colonial annals, though nominated by the same instrument from which they derived their authority. Animosities arose. Appeased in a degree, at length, by the prudent exhortations of Mr. Hunt, their chaplain, Smith was re-admitted into the council; and receiving the communion next day, they all turned their attention to the government of a colony feeble in numbers, and enterprise, which was thus planted in discord, and grew up in misery. In honour of King James, they called the town, which they now built, JAMES TOWN. This was the first permanent habitation of the English in America.

Newport and Smith sent, with twenty men, to discover the head of the Powhatan River, arrived in six days at a town of the same name, the principal, and hereditary seat of Powhatan, emperor of the country. Although they received kind treatment